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Obsidian

[heroine](#) [dragon](#) [adventure](#)

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Chapter 1 by Joanna Marie

Glossy black scales like obsidian. Eyes with deep blue, seemingly endless pools streaked with intelligence and wisdom. Wings stretched and leathery like a bat.

The woods accelerated the twilight, shrinking what would normally take an hour into just a few minutes. When Sterling entered on the rutted path and carefully avoided the small frozen pools, the light had faded so little she didn't even notice the difference. It wasn't a long trek, it was muddier for sure but it would get her home twenty minutes earlier. Her eyes adjusted slowly to the encroaching gloom and it wasn't for ten minutes that she realized the sun wasn't penetrating the leaves like it usually did and everything was a hue darker than it should've been. She picked up her pace but in only five more minutes it was undeniably dark. She could no longer avoid the ruts and her ankle twisted painfully when she made a misstep. The trees had become silhouettes, the air was colder and the gaiety of the woodland had been replaced with a sense of isolation. Her heart pounded in a way that had nothing to do with the exertion of walking.

Then, with a sharp intake of breath, she saw it.

The two iridescent eyes shone bright against the darkness of everything else.

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Sterling's hand began to tremble.

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dragon lurched back. It thrashed its tail into the trees around it and turned violently. Sterling quickly leaped out of the way, but stayed calm. She wanted to help.

Chapter 2 by Levi-Chu



She tried to calm the injured beast. She had always been amazed by dragon. Though she'd never seen one, she only heard about them in stories. This creature was more beautiful than she could have ever imagined.

She tried to see where it was hurt. Then she saw it's wings, one was perfect looking bent calmly on its side. But the other seemed wrong; it was bent in a position that seemed wrong. Where the other one was black with slightly transparent membrane the other wing was bent at the top. Where a sharp claw was at the top of the fine one the other one had no claw. Instead there was a stump that seemed to have blood coming from it. She looked on the ground. She saw the talon, what could've managed to have the claw ripped off?

She goes near it, it emits a loud growl from its throat. She instinctively step back.

" Let me help." She said loudly; trying to sound confident. But her voice wavered.

" I don't need help." said the dragon. It spoke. It's voice was perfect, deep and clear. But it showed signs of confidence and dominance. It was strong.

" B-but you're hurt." She tries reasoning with it. It growls more loudly.

" I usually don't like eating young women but I'll make an exception." That scared her greatly.

" Please!" she yells. Why did she want to help this dragon so badly? It seemed too stubborn to help. And she needed to get home.

" Let. Me. Help. You." she said putting all the dominance and confidence into my voice. She wasn't going to go home unless she helped this dragon.

" No." said the dragon doubling her confidence and domination.

She reaches into my satchel that she had across my shoulder; she sees the dragon tense. Then she pulls out some cloth she bring in case she had gotten injured.

" Let. Me. Help. You." she said once more walking towards the dragon. The need to help this dragon clouded her common sense.

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